

All the letters, like "G," from the "A" to the "Z,"
Both the common and capitals, too,
And the numerals then, from the "one" to the "ten,"
And the hyphens and commas clear through.

And the buff-colored case, and the key to the place,
"Smith-Corona" is stamped on the lid.
You have had it "lend lease," now all rights I release,
And it goes to the "Y's" choicest kid.

POEMS TO JUNE SPRING, 1959

If Elvis wails or Perry croons,
If trombones balk and Junie swoons,
My mother and my aged dad,
Say, "Junie, dear, your taste is bad."

FALL 1959

The big house is empty, the cupboard is bare,
There's food and there's people, but "she" just ain't
there;

A cat and a kitten, a horse and a flower,
Dead folks and live ones arriving each hour.

I look at each face and I run to each bell,
At last Paul calls up with a story to tell,
"She's homesick, she loves you and wants home real soon."
Please call up "collect" and we'll come for you, June.

Papa

SUMMER, 1960

At the Valley a "post"
And to Junie a toast.
May you see all you wish from this view,
But a view can be bad,
David lost all he had,
Use your eyelids, both (1) Lulu and you.

(1) Lulu referred to LuAnn Montgomery.

19 SEPTEMBER 1963

My razor now stays keen,
Your bedroom, she stays clean,
That gas tank's never lean ...
I wonder why?

28 SEPTEMBER 1963

It won't be no fun to chase rats,
Nor to limit the birthrate of cats,
Or even eliminate bats,
Now Junie's gone.

TO OUR NINE CHILDREN JANUARY 7, 1975

After six months of serious illness (in and out of hospitals);
Mom's unselfish, endless, patient care, devotion and love;
the sweet attention, interest and help from you all; I just had
to express it in my own humble way:

My heart is very full today,
I'll have to write as well as pray,
And tell my love for each of you
For how you live and how you do.

We do not have a selfish child,
Or quarrelsome, wayward, bad or wild.
You each bring joy and hope and love,
And Heaven's blessings from above.

When you come home to quilt or clean
We never hear a word that's mean.
You bring sweet heaven when you come,
Divide it up and each take some.

And, be it picnic, wedding, fair,
You, none of you, can find a chair
Until the dishes are all done,
And floors are clean, and "chair times" come,

You're all "pitch-in-ee" like your ma,
The sweetest thing I ever saw.
You each have time for Church's call,
I believe you each would give your all.

The Savior said, "If you'd be first,
Be servant," "Feel like I would burst!
And Mom shares every thought with me,
She's just as proud as she can be.

Now, Mom and I have been so blessed,
I'm sure we never could have guessed
We'd had this sickness and expense
No problem to us! Don't make sense!

Small, full-tithed savings seem to grow;
Our tithed insurance makes us know
If we would overcome inflations,
We better heed the Lord's quotations.

If we're all brain washed, like they say,
It seems to wash our hates away,
It cleanses us of lust and greed,
And leaves the love, and things we need.

And so, right soon, we hope to share
Inheritance that we can spare.
You helped to make it, all you nine,
And all of you are Ma's and mine.

Mom and Dad

THREE RANDOM VERSES ABOUT OUR KIDS FROM AN OLD NOTE BOOK

When Betty vomited, real hard
Lowell treated her so sweet,
He "carried" her to Grandma's house,
Her dream—that day-bed seat.

Commotion, kids and telephone
Got Betty on her feet,

In just a few short hours she called,
"Hey, Mom! When do we eat?"

Insurance companies have their nerve
When fellers have bad luck,
They even get quite skeptical
And try to pass the buck.

When Ted got hurt and made a claim
About his wounds and pain,
From (1) "falling o'er a truck" they wrote
And asked him to explain.

When Vi taught Craig the paper route
She thought it pretty funny,
She spurred and spurred, Paint didn't jump,
He wasn't even runny.

"Dad, Paint just must be pretty sick,
Let's take him to the vet."
Dad said, "We better take Craig, too,
With blood his leg is wet."

(1) Truck in the claim was the type that caskets are wheeled
on.

TO AUDREY IN SOUTH BRAZIL OCTOBER, 1959

Dear Audrey:

How can I say Merry Christmas
When it's only Halloween?
When the deer hunt's barely over
And the turkey's still unseen.
But the magic days will vanish—
Christmas, Spring—then you'll be here;
Soon we'll have to bless your babies,
"Merry Christmas" to you dear.

OUR BETTY

Copy of a letter to Guy, Tom, Rick, Stephen and Connie Coleman about their mother. September 3, 1973.

Dear Grandchildren:

This early morning, before anyone else was up, I stood by the casket of Margene Rasband Wade, 35, who had died instantly. She was pregnant with her ninth child, which was loved and wanted. Eleven years faded, and I sat alone at Betty's side, where I had sought solace while all slept, after a sweet day and night of love from friends and kin, even as Wades had last evening. As I prayed and meditated, I saw this lovely, noisy, joyful child, girl and mother grow into beautiful womanhood and into my heart:

I saw her grasp old Dr. Dannenberg's hand as he went to cauterize her bleeding tonsils after surgery, "Doctor, have you ever done this before?"

As Mom and I took our troop to the wonders of a world's fair, and a pompous lady with a manicured husband and a leashed, lavishly-trimmed French Poodle held up her fingers and counted our children. Betty (I fear with her tongue out) held up her hand and counted, "One" pointing to the pooch. The lady was insulted.

A gypsy fortune teller asked, "May I tell your fortune, Mister?" Betty replied for me, "He's already married!"

One day she was combing my hair (when I had hair), and the comb became hopelessly snarled. Mom said, "Here, I'll get it out." But Betty quickly replied, "I can do it!" Plop, my first bald spot.

One day, when living in Salt Lake, when nausea (progressive) made her entirely helpless, and her patient husband carried her (Texas term) to Heber; then carried her to Mom's old kitchen couch where she was soon well and ravenously hungry. Surely one with less love and less sweet emotions could never have so completely lived.

When she came home from Duchesne with Lowell and asked if the Lord would care if they "borrowed" their tithing and paid their debts, we told them to ask the Lord in prayer. Right after that Lowell was made a counselor in the bishopric and Betty was made president of the stake primary (at age 21). We knew the Lord's answer and their acceptance.

I thought of the night Betty was driving, expecting Connie and anxious to get home to Fort Duchesne. She was speeding past a cop in Roosevelt. She then asked Lowell to drive because she was sleepy. The cop asked Mr. Coleman how fast he was driving.

About three a.m. I heard bare feet and felt Clara's arms—I didn't need to look. She was followed by each of the others at intervals. Mama was not the last, and we had a spiritual feast that we had never tasted before. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." We each realized that we were making purpose out of tragedy, blessing out of death. Oh, how we thanked God for the faith that gave us knowledge, hope and love!

The hundreds who came last night and that other night, will never guess the comfort and love they brought, nor the peace and understanding that we have enjoyed about Betty every since.

May we all live for that temple promise of our wonderful daughter and your righteous father is our prayer.

Love,
G. & G.

**A GET-WELL CARD TO POLLY ASH MULLER
WHEN SHE WAS IN THE UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL
WITH MEDICINE-INDUCED HEPATITIS
JANUARY 26, 1972**

Dear Polly:

We know it's wrong to criticize
A lady's choice of color,
Or how they move their furniture,
Or change their name to Muller,

Or name their kid "Samanthie,"
Wear mini, maxi, hot—
Or pile their hair likes loads of hay,
Or string it down like "pot,"

But, why choose Oriental?
Dick Poo Ha's Polly's brown,
That Polynesian beauty
Draws every eye in town.

We're glad you didn't choose a black,
Or black mixed with the snow,
Those pretty blends might interfere
With where you want to go.

That shade you wear now magnifies
Your pretty smile and teeth,
And your courageous attitude
And faith that's underneath.

Please study all the spectrum well,
Consider what we think;
We loved you just the way you were,
The white mixed with the pink.

Aunt Violet and Uncle Joe

We saw Polly on Tuesday; wrote this and mailed it
Wednesday; she passed away on Thursday night. Our card
returned from the hospital a couple of days later unopened.

TO DAVID IN L.D.S. HOSPITAL WITH
KNEE OPERATION
OCTOBER 18, 1972

Dear David:

A David boy once fought a giant
This giant was mean and defiant,
All the warriors, the king
Daresn't get in the ring,
But this youth was still humble and pliant.

He prayed for and got him some "help,"
And got called a "cur" and a "whelp,"
Then a smooth little stone
Made that mad giant mean,
And David came off with his "scalp."

The Lord made him Prophet and King,
He was worthy, the scriptures still ring,
"The pride of my heart,"
And, "A man set apart,"
The Lord and mankind praises sing.

Then David was tempted to sin,
(Satan always plays this one to win),
David, caught right off guard
Didn't pray to the Lord,
Shamed himself and his God and his kin.

Joseph, tempted ran fast for his life,
Saved his virtue for God and for wife,
Just like every brave man.
God will help if He can,
And He can if we ask in our strife.

David's calling and throne were withdrawn,
And his future in Heav'n sees no dawn,
He had seen so much light
Then succumbed to such blight
That the Lord said his chances were gone.

Now each man fights giants today,
Goliaths like "dope," "grass" and "hay,"
And tobacco and booze
And the morals they choose,
"All the good things," the tempter will say.

It's good to be subject to sin,
It's good to have God help us win,
And forgive when we falter
Help improve, help us alter
'Til we're ready and glad to "come in."

David, choose your examples with care,
Joseph won, David lost, it was fair!
Keep your Father near by
He will raise you on high
And the glories of Heaven will share.

With love,
G. & G.

**GREETINGS TO VICKI AND LAMAR
ON THEIR WEDDING DAY
SEPTEMBER 29, 1972**

Dear LaMar:

So petite, so refined, so sincere,
So ambitious, so pretty, so dear,
She can sew, she can cook
(But at heart she's a crook)
I must warn you, poor husband, I fear.

I have known of her failing so long,
On the rest of all virtues she's strong,
If conditions get worse
She might rob from your purse,
She steals bases, barefoot. Ain't that wrong?

Dear Vicki:

In the temple the man called him "Beetie,"
And I think I heard you call him "Sweetie,"
But he's Batty to me
And it's Batty you'll be,
And your kids will be Batty, how neatie!

Watch out for that "Old Texas Drawl,"
"To the church I will carry ya-III,"
Don't jump in his arms
Or you'll just waste your charms,
That means "drive in a car." What a fall!

Dear Both of You:

It's great to come home to so much,
Goodly food, smiling wife, gentle touch,
Radiant love, kindly word,
Sweet caress, how you're stirred,
You hope Heaven will always be such.

It's good, too, to bring so much home
Every night or whenever you roam,
Not just candy and flowers,
Things like sweet, happy hours,
And some help from the floor to the dome.

When the paycheck is short, try a squeeze,
When the nausea comes, try your knees,
Sense of humor's a tool
Like the Lord's Golden Rule,
And there's plenty to try besides these.

Grandma still looks as good right today,
(Even though she's learned plenty to say),
And may your mature years
Bring much joy and few tears,
Greater joy than the thrill of today.

G. & G.

NANCY'S WEDDING

Dear Nancy:

Today the Lord said, "Multiply,
Replenish and subdue."
But Satan says, "Babies pollute!
So dogs and cats will do."

Our third grand-babe, our first grand-girl,
Dimples and Titian hair,
Pollution? No, but heaven's own,
You brought the sunshine fair.

You smiled and radiated love